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But lov'd of Heav'n, who loves his native  
cell,  
And where he crept an infant joys to  
dwell;  
To whom both Indies seems his harvest  
store,  
And earth's last verge the nigh-resounding  
shore.

Now in the grove, where oft the stripling  
play'd,  
Pensive he communes with his fost'ring  
shade;  
Now his young shoots he tends by toil  
endear'd,  
And lives renew'd in all the plants he  
rear'd.

Modest he asks th'all bounteous Giver  
bread,  
Seizes the flying hour, nor mourns the fled;  
Content to breathe, content to yield his  
breath,  
His labour life, and his achievement death.

Mix'd with his sire's, and on his country's  
breast,  
His task approv'd, he sinks to willing rest;  
'Till that last morn awake him from the  
tomb  
To dearer union and a better home.

#### THE TRAVELLER;

BY THE SAME.

WHILST most, mistaught by supersti-  
tious lore,  
Their native soil religiously adore;  
Fix'd to one corner of the grand machine,  
(The beauteous labours of the God unseen,)  
The same dull spot still indolently view,  
Like trees that ever stand where first they  
grew;  
Give me that daring, that exalted soul,  
That burns to sweep the globe, and stride  
from pole to pole.  
The youth, whose wide-expanded heart  
disdains  
The stinting borders of his native plains:  
Who blends his country with the common  
ball,  
And with unbounded love embraces all.  
In the wide forest, on the rolling deep,  
Or lab'ring breathless up the giddy steep,  
No dread he knows, while innocent of ill;  
His faithful guardian hovers round him  
still.

His weeping friends and native home he  
leaves,  
And bounds exultant o'er the mountain  
waves;  
New to the flood, with trembling joy sur-  
veys  
The rocky terrors and surrounding seas:  
Here the huge Whale, a living island;  
there  
The high-shot Porpoise spouts a flood in  
air;  
His form, once theirs, the gentler Dol-  
phins scan,  
And conscious hail a kindred-guest in man:  
Round all the finny tribes, (a pleasing  
scene)  
Delighted gambol on the floating green.  
Now leaps his heart: his aking eyes ex-  
plore  
The growing prospect of the coming shore;  
He greets the nation to his labours giv'n,  
And thanks the guiding Providence of  
Heav'n;  
Adopts the soil, and owns his mother earth,  
The self-same mould of that which gave  
him birth;  
Save that in this diviner forms appear,  
And fuller harvests crown the yellow year:  
The mellowing apple courts his reaching  
hand,  
And frequent vineyards bless the purple  
land.  
Here scenes on scenes his wand'ring eyes  
delight;  
A new creation bursts upon his sight:  
Proud fanes, fair cities, palaces and kings,  
And all the vast variety of things:  
Where'er he turns, his ravish'd optics see  
Th' enchanting form of youthful novelty.  
What, though beneath a Heav'n unknown  
he lies,  
There balmy slumbers close unnative eyes;  
The kindly Phœbus sheds the genial ray,  
And fountains spring, and curling Zephyrs  
play.  
What boots to sink beneath the stroke of  
death  
In the same spot he drew his earliest  
breath?  
Thence has his soul a shorter flight to  
rest?  
Will native earth lie lighter on his breast?  
Why anxious where th' unheeding relique  
sleep,  
In the remotest land, or whelming deep?  
Will the sad pompous hearse, or polish'd  
bust,  
Avail the wand'ring ghost, or shrouded  
dust?

Wherefore such fondness for his country  
then?

Each soil is earth, the world all o'er is  
men;

Of diff'rent nations, but of equal kind,  
Whom tongues in vain divide, for bosoms  
bind.

Chastise he must, tho' restive nature smart,  
'These homeward longings of a milky  
heart.

When fortune calls, thro' foreign climes  
he'll roam,

His parent Providence, the world his  
home.

Suppose him in some dreary desert born,  
No flow'rs but weeds, no trees but horrid  
thorn;

Where crown'd with snow eternal winter  
reigns,

And meagre famine rules the wretched  
plains;

Should kinder stars, when ripen'd to his  
prime,

Transport the fav'rite to some happier  
clime,

Where milder skies their dewy blessings  
reign

On flow'ry meads and fields of golden  
grain;

In thymy vales, where frisking heifers  
play,

And woolly thousands on the mountains  
stray;

Shall he repining mourn his blest abode,  
And spurn the bounties of indulging God?

Invert the scene. Should chance the wan-  
d'r'er throw

From Araby the blest to realms of snow.  
Should angry Heav'n redoubled vengeance  
shed,

And hurl each bolt at his devoted head;  
Shall he, impatient of his lot, complain?

Shall reptile man the scourging skies ar-  
raign?

Nefarious thought! he learns his woes to  
bear;

(The pow'rs are kindest, when they're most  
severe)

With equal heart he meets the unequal  
fate,

Unsink by pain, by pleasure unelate:  
Earth's a dull inn he quits with heedless  
eyes,

And only finds a country in the skies.

## HYMN.

O! THOU, of worlds the love and awe,  
To ev'ry wish the central aim,  
Whose whisper drowns the voice of law,  
Whose nod atones for fame!

Ere Heav'n with living fires was hung,  
Eldest of pow'rs! 'twas thine to be;  
From Love harmonious Nature sprung,  
But Love himself from thee.

In thee, Almighty self, to end;  
Thy frown, sole judge of good and vile,  
Bids furies rise, bids storms descend,  
And beauty lives but in thy smile.

The nations long inur'd to bleed,  
By diff'ring faiths or climates rent,  
Thy plastic all-cementing creed  
Unites in Catholic consent.

What though for thee no altar glow,  
No marble breathe thy form divine,  
Thy Priests are all the race below,  
And ev'ry heart thy shrine.

Thus the wise bard, whom oaks admir'd,  
Whose plaint could draw from Hell a  
tear,

His soft'ning half-brute men inspir'd  
Thee first and chiefest to revere.

LUSITANUS.

Dundalk, Dec. 21st, 1812.

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To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.

## GENTLEMEN,

THE subjoined tribute, to the memory  
of Mr. JAMES GILLAND, late of Dungan-  
non, was written in the south, and insert-  
ed in the Belfast Chronicle, shortly after  
his death; but as it cannot possibly be ex-  
pected that a provincial paper can give  
that perpetuity to the communications  
which sometimes occupy its columns, or  
secure the fame of the deserving sons of  
merit, through the rhapsodic intercourse  
of the votaries of genius, in so eminent a  
manner as the Belfast Magazine: I hope,  
at least for the sake of the lamented sub-  
ject, that the following stanzas will be ho-  
noured with a place in your literary repo-  
sitory. Mr. Gilland had an exquisite taste  
for poetry, and was peculiarly happy in  
the indulgence of the poetic muse; yet I